

High School Chat.

VOL. I.

YPSILANTI, MICH., MARCH 26, 1896.

NO. 6.

THE Y. H. S. GIRL.

Our High School girl—sing ho!—
Is the base of the world don't you know!
She repels melancholy—
She's spunky and jolly,
And as brisk as the breezes blow!

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[CONTINUED]

That dollar a week was a fortune to a boy. Father knew I would spend it in sinless pleasure and mother was only a trifle apprehensive. The money was spent freely and drew friends (?) readily. I became a cigarette smoker, a cigarette fiend. I cleverly kept my habit to myself, but mother heard of it after a time. I told her she was mistaken and she was satisfied. I have often crept out of the house in the silence of night or early morning to feed my mania for smoking. Until this time I had been considered above the average student but I soon became a sluggard. I was proud of my ability to learn if I wanted to, but a young smoker never wants to. In three years it had worked havoc on my once fair complexion. This hurt my vanity and I seriously began thinking of stopping my habit. I had considered my constitution invincible to the effects of cigarettes, now during the day I smoked, at night I thought of the stories of nicotine fiends. Constant worry and loss of sleep were leading me steadily to an early grave. I shall carry the memory of one night to my dying moment. After having broken my resolve to stop, again and again, I was tossing about in bed a poor, miserable being, with my knees drawn to my chin from very fear of lying straight, thinking what I used to be, what I was then, and what my future was to be,

when I realized a strangeness coming over me. I had heard of people becoming insane but I thought that they leaped, as it were, from sanity into insanity and that a person insane had a mind that was a complete blank, in regard to having the least knowledge; yet I felt insanity was coming over me. I raised myself in my bed and shook my head to shake it off, but couldn't. With a moan I arose, dressed, and jumped from my second story window to the ground below. The moon was shining directly above and cast such a pale light as to seem to increase my strange feeling. I tried to show to myself that I was dreaming or imagining and answered questions that I asked myself to prove that I was not an insane person. I could not satisfy myself and when I thought of what I would soon be I made a resolve. I hurried toward the bridge on Huron street, I think, near the up town flour mill. I knelt on the walk, muttered a prayer and was climbing the railing to cast my body into the deep little stream below, when my mother's hand was laid on my shoulder. Mother had heard and followed me. "Come, little boy," she said, "it is time you gave up being a baby." She took me home and lit the gas. Her expression changed on seeing me. I noticed it, The perception of the demented is deeper than is thought. She gave me a book and asked me to read to her. I read some of Cary's little poems. Books always appealed to me and in this early morning they changed the drift of my mind. When I looked up from my book, the thought came to me again and I confessed all. I got into bed and sobbed myself to sleep. I awoke late. I had dreamt worse dreams and imagined that I had dreamt the occurrences of the night before. But why was the gas lit? And mother. For six hours she had knelt at my bedside. During six hours of agony she prayed for her boy. When I awoke, she smiled. Her prayer was answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIGH SCHOOL CHAT.

Terms of Subscription, Five Cents per month

JOHN ONLOOKER, Editor.
RAY ROWLEY, Business Manager.
ROY SPENCER, Asst. Business Manager.

All who know of any jokes or "grinds" connected with the school will please put them in a box at once as we want them for our annual number which we are now preparing.

We are glad that the Faculty are overcoming their timidity and are using the CHAT box. We are glad to receive their words of advice and also their ideas on general topics

Our daily observation leads us to the conclusion that no evil is growing more rapidly among us than that of using slang. We have been inquiring as to the source and uses of slang and are surprised to find that so many evils are connected with it. Whence is slang and why is it needed? One lad tells us that he uses slang because he is afraid to use profane language. From many proofs we are convinced that slang is generally a substitute for profanity, and a pretty true substitute it is if clinging to the original is a standard. It is true that slang was at first invented as a substitute for profanity, but now the transition is in the other direction for if we give a boy slang for diet he soon progresses to profanity. Aside from carelessness and laxity there seems to be but one reason for the use of slang and that is to strengthen our utterances. But the very means used to give vigor to sentences is the most destructive to the end in view. Take any two sentences embodying the same thought. In one use the best English according to some standard works in rhetoric, and in the other use the latest and "strongest" expressions of slang; and

with honest consideration you will find that the purer speech is much the stronger. There are many other points against this evil but we wish to correct these two wrong ideas only; that slang is a substitute for profanity and that it adds vigor to conversation. Rather say that *profanity* is a substitute for *slang* and that purity is always the most powerful. Remember that the preservation of our language in its purity depends not upon foreign nations but upon you and me, who ought to cherish it for mere patriotism if for nothing else.

Opinions differ a trifle as to the editor of this paper. Some say that we are a bright boy, others a bright girl, and we heard someone say in conversation that we are a fool! As the lady who called us a fool is one for whose character and intellect we have the greatest respect, we think probably her opinion ought to stand and henceforth we are yours respectfully, a fool

There is an idea prevalent here that the wearing of glasses or spectacles is an indication of studious habits. Don't you believe it. We can disprove this by some instances in our own High School. One boy wears them on account of a dangerous habit of winking acquired in chapel. Another of our friends wears them as an indispensable adornment for his clerical career; and another to relieve headaches caused by wearing too small a hat. These are only a few of the reasons. So in reply to a ninth grade inquiry we will say that the wearing of glasses will not enhance your reputation in this school.

Evidently someone in the lower grades has availed himself of the box, for we find the following letter among the communications:

Dear Mr. John Onlooker:

I was just six years old last Tuesday. I had an awful good time on my Birthday. I wasn't spanked once at home or at school all day. I don't like to be whipped in school. I think our teacher is a monstrosity for she do not apreshate that we kids have feelings. I did expect to be whaled today so I put on three pares of pants. The teacher got scared out of her boots I gess and never toched me all day. One day I stoll the strap she uses and she blushed as bad as the day her fellow come to viset our rome she was so awful mad. Now 2 or 3 of we kids are getting tired of being lammed and we thought you cud give us some adviss as how to best proseed. We think you must know all about law and those kind of things so we want your adviss. If you will please leave whatever you have to say in the sewer pipe at the lower end of Murfy Streete one of we kids will git it some dark nite. We kids thinks you are a good fellow to be always a helpen some poore kid along.

It has taken me 2 hours to write this so I must cloze. I had to write slow so as to spel all the werds corect. This is a plesent evening. Love to the family. Your humbel servints, etc.

WANTED.

Someone to write my excuses.

Arthur Nonsense.

E-plus instead of E. John Nerve.

School on Saturday. John Freakful.

Longer lessons. Ninth Grade.

News items in the morning exercises.

175 of Us.

Chapel every morning. Greek XI.

Reason why so many girls are kept after school hours. George Deacon Brown.

CANTO MDCCCXXXVIII.

I saw a man brushing furiously

At his bald head—

'Round and 'round he brushed;

I accosted the man,

"Why brush?" I cried, "there is no—"

"You lie," he cried,

And brushed on,

SNAPS.

Miss Nettie Barnum visited with her sister at Jackson the 14th, 15th and 16th.

Edward Hawthorne, who is now attending the C. B. C., says that the work there is easier than in the High School.

Owing to Miss Wilson's illness one day last week, Miss Grace Strang taught the geometry class.

Phillip Sherman, who recently left school on account of moving to Ann Arbor, was present at rhetoricals Friday.

The interest which graduates are showing in our school should make it comparatively easy to organize an alumni.

George Holmes of this city and Thomas Murdock of Northville both of the large class of '92 have been entered on our list of subscribers.

Base ball games with Denton, Wayne, Plymouth and Ann Arbor High School have already been arranged. The schedule will be given in our next issue.

Master Theodore Price of the seventh grade spelled his entire class down and Mr. Sweet of the School Board promised him a dollar. The Price was paid.

Miss Catherin DuBois, a former student and well remembered as very studious and most promising, now attending the Lansing High School, tells us she wants the CHAT.

Mr. Bacon, who was assistant principal to Prof. Estabrook thirty-three years ago, but now president of Indian Territory University, conducted chapel exercises March 12.

The Delta Kaps assisted by Messrs. Gunn, Collins, Lang, Brown and McCann will soon present a comedy, "The School, ma'am," in four acts. They are devoting considerable time to it and are directed by Misses Wilson and Rice.

John Everett '94 has accepted a position as principal of the Grass Lake high school. Miss Benedict of the Normal fills the vacancy left by him as teacher of the seventh grade.

The senior class have elected the following as class day participants. Salutarian, John McCann; prophet, Ray Rowley; historian, Cora Wilson; giftorian, Maude Allen; poet, George Gunn; orator, Albert Ferguson; motto, Helen Sherwood; essayists, Laura James and Lizzie Dolbee; class song, Austin George. The seven other members have chosen by the faculty to appear the second night.

One who signs himself "Olympian" writes us in regard to the field day, suggested in our last issue. He suggests that a column of the CHAT be devoted to athletics and that each student desiring to enter any events place their names in the box stating what events they wish to engage in. To have the contests spirited society divisions could be made and those belonging to no society be known as independents. His suggestions seem good. We will leave it to the societies to discuss, and you can put us down as supporters of the idea.

Now that base ball is becoming the subject of conversation, it may not be out of order to tell the nearest approach to profanity by any member of last year's ball team. It was in a game with the college boys and the score was decidedly against them. One of our basemen stepped on a bag to reach a high ball that was being fielded to him. It was a dead heat between the ball and the base runner, who came thundering along and kicked the baseman with his knee in the spot where the soda water won the game went. When he revived to semi-consciousness the writer, who thought he was taking his last gasps, bent his ear to hear his last words,

which as well as he could make out from the sounds uttered between his teeth gritted from pain were: "I was once kicked by a jackass and I took an oath never to get in the way of one again. I broke that oath just now. I am suffering the torments of hades and deserve it, but the good book tells us they won't allow any such animals down here and that's a compensation." When he fully recovered and was told what he had said in his almost unconscious state, he whispered: "Don't mention a word about it. I wouldn't have said it only I thought I was dead and I felt decidedly 'hot'."

NO MORE THREE BUTTON COATS.

Your coat this year must be a four button sack of any color. This is a decided improvement over last season's decree. Button your coat with one hand. This prevents a clumsy appearance and saves cloth-covered buttons besides being a mark of refinement.

Much attention will be paid to the vest this year. It is cut high and square at the top and will no doubt be especially popular. They are mostly of corduroy costing from two to five dollars. I have been asked about sweaters. Because some who have possessed sweaters to be proud of have worn them on the street and to school, everybody, who possessed a sweater, considered himself licensed to wear it anywhere and everywhere. I can say only this: You have every right to wear a sweater but unless you have something that is a thing of beauty don't wear it to school. Manufactures of shoes are not devoting much time to increase the demand of tans and russets and their popularity is declining, though an investment in a pair will not by any means be out of order. I have now finished my series of remarks and I hope I have taught some of you one or two things especially, observation. The window displays of our best merchants are interesting and instructive, that of Wortley & Co always shows the latest, and they are there to be looked at.

CHAPPIE.

The Emporium

Chatting is supposed to be light talk but you will find it pays if you come and chat with me this spring about anything wanted in the line of

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Frank Smith.

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